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*Horace, Book I. Ode IX. Imitated.*

To a discontented friend.

THE hills are white with new fall'n snow,  
 Beneath its weight the forests bow ;  
 The ice-clad streams can scarcely flow,  
     Constrained by hoary winter.  
 Haste, to the cheerful parlour fly,  
 And heap the generous fuel high,—  
 And then—whenever thou art dry,  
     Why, broach the bright decanter.

To Providence resign the rein,  
 Nor vex with idle care thy brain,  
 To know if thou shalt go to Maine,  
     Ohio, or Kentucky.  
 Nor give to moping dread thy mind ;—  
 The man to gloomy dreams inclin'd,  
 The ills he fears will always find,  
     And always be unlucky.

Submit, if troubles cross thy way—  
 Smooth up thy brow—enjoy the day—  
 For age steals on without delay—  
     Repress thy wish for roving.  
 The man who thinks—(whate'er his case)  
 To cure life's ills by changing place,  
 Will find it but a '*wild goose chase*,'  
     And ever be removing.

Fortune may frown and friends desert,  
 Domestick sorrows wring the heart—  
 Yet surely 'tis the wisest part  
     To yield without repining.  
 Enjoy the good, kind heav'n bestows—  
 Leave sullen discontent to those,  
 Who fear a *thorn* in every rose,  
     To God thy all resigning.